And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & cosin *Glendower*, will you sit downe?
And vncle *Worcester*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, here it is; sit Cosin *Percy*, sit good Cosin *Hotspur*; for by that name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his Cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

Glen. I can not blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of firie shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your Mothers Cat had but kitened, though your selfe had neuer bin borne.

Glen. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh! then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:
Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes foorth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vntuly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement striuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tosses downe
Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Cosin, of many men
I doe not beare these crossings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

Thefe signes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which cals me Pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out, that is but Womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better *Welsh*;
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace cosen *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee cosen, to command the Diu

Hot. And I can teach thee cosen, to shame the Diuell,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Diuell.
If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,
And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

Mor. Come, come no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my power, thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And Sandy bottom'd Seuerne haue I hent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too?
How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The *Arch-deacon* hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignde,
All Westward, *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound.
To *Owen Glendower*: and deare coosе, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,